

VOL. III.

THE WIFE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Alfred was a wealthy landowner of the plain. His wife was a woman of great beauty and grace. And they lived happily together in their beautiful house. And Alfred was a very kind and generous man. And his wife was a very good and virtuous woman. And they were very much loved by all who knew them.

Last year I sold to merchants of Bagu. A hundred sheep they were one still one third. The long way and I but feel a few. Whom can I send to Bagu in my stead? Since faithful messengers are few to find. Who may I send to Bagu in my stead? Since faithful messengers are few to find.

And when with his right hand he showed the way. She stepped her mantle round her and departed. The road was hard, and thick with pointed stones. That out her feet and made tears brim her eyes.

But, seeing not, she journeyed all the day. For resting in the evening journeyed still. Taking no heed of night or morn—when lo, Suddenly, with fierce cry, one leapt upon her. Held tight her mouth, and with the other hand Bent off her mantle, then before he fled Stabbed her, leaving the dagger in her breast.

A sudden start of horror in her dream Woke her thereat. Her husband stood before her. To merchants of Bagu, said he, "I sold Last year one hundred sheep, one-third is owing. Whom may I send to Bagu in my stead? Since faithful messengers are few to find. Who may I send to Bagu in my stead? Since faithful messengers are few to find.

And the wife said, "Thou art my lord, I go. She called her children to her, laying her hand Upon the elder's head, kissing the younger. Then, wrapping on her mantle, she departed.

That out her feet and made tears brim her eyes. But, seeing not, she journeyed all the day. For resting in the evening journeyed still. Taking no heed of night or morn—when lo, Suddenly, with fierce cry, one leapt upon her. Held tight her mouth, and with the other hand Bent off her mantle, then before he fled Stabbed her, leaving the dagger in her breast.

A sudden start of horror in her dream Woke her thereat. Her husband stood before her. To merchants of Bagu, said he, "I sold Last year one hundred sheep, one-third is owing. Whom may I send to Bagu in my stead? Since faithful messengers are few to find. Who may I send to Bagu in my stead? Since faithful messengers are few to find.

And the wife said, "Thou art my lord, I go. She called her children to her, laying her hand Upon the elder's head, kissing the younger. Then, wrapping on her mantle, she departed.

That out her feet and made tears brim her eyes. But, seeing not, she journeyed all the day. For resting in the evening journeyed still. Taking no heed of night or morn—when lo, Suddenly, with fierce cry, one leapt upon her. Held tight her mouth, and with the other hand Bent off her mantle, then before he fled Stabbed her, leaving the dagger in her breast.

A sudden start of horror in her dream Woke her thereat. Her husband stood before her. To merchants of Bagu, said he, "I sold Last year one hundred sheep, one-third is owing. Whom may I send to Bagu in my stead? Since faithful messengers are few to find. Who may I send to Bagu in my stead? Since faithful messengers are few to find.

And the wife said, "Thou art my lord, I go. She called her children to her, laying her hand Upon the elder's head, kissing the younger. Then, wrapping on her mantle, she departed.

That out her feet and made tears brim her eyes. But, seeing not, she journeyed all the day. For resting in the evening journeyed still. Taking no heed of night or morn—when lo, Suddenly, with fierce cry, one leapt upon her. Held tight her mouth, and with the other hand Bent off her mantle, then before he fled Stabbed her, leaving the dagger in her breast.

A sudden start of horror in her dream Woke her thereat. Her husband stood before her. To merchants of Bagu, said he, "I sold Last year one hundred sheep, one-third is owing. Whom may I send to Bagu in my stead? Since faithful messengers are few to find. Who may I send to Bagu in my stead? Since faithful messengers are few to find.

And the wife said, "Thou art my lord, I go. She called her children to her, laying her hand Upon the elder's head, kissing the younger. Then, wrapping on her mantle, she departed.

That out her feet and made tears brim her eyes. But, seeing not, she journeyed all the day. For resting in the evening journeyed still. Taking no heed of night or morn—when lo, Suddenly, with fierce cry, one leapt upon her. Held tight her mouth, and with the other hand Bent off her mantle, then before he fled Stabbed her, leaving the dagger in her breast.

A sudden start of horror in her dream Woke her thereat. Her husband stood before her. To merchants of Bagu, said he, "I sold Last year one hundred sheep, one-third is owing. Whom may I send to Bagu in my stead? Since faithful messengers are few to find. Who may I send to Bagu in my stead? Since faithful messengers are few to find.

And the wife said, "Thou art my lord, I go. She called her children to her, laying her hand Upon the elder's head, kissing the younger. Then, wrapping on her mantle, she departed.

That out her feet and made tears brim her eyes. But, seeing not, she journeyed all the day. For resting in the evening journeyed still. Taking no heed of night or morn—when lo, Suddenly, with fierce cry, one leapt upon her. Held tight her mouth, and with the other hand Bent off her mantle, then before he fled Stabbed her, leaving the dagger in her breast.

A sudden start of horror in her dream Woke her thereat. Her husband stood before her. To merchants of Bagu, said he, "I sold Last year one hundred sheep, one-third is owing. Whom may I send to Bagu in my stead? Since faithful messengers are few to find. Who may I send to Bagu in my stead? Since faithful messengers are few to find.

And the wife said, "Thou art my lord, I go. She called her children to her, laying her hand Upon the elder's head, kissing the younger. Then, wrapping on her mantle, she departed.

That out her feet and made tears brim her eyes. But, seeing not, she journeyed all the day. For resting in the evening journeyed still. Taking no heed of night or morn—when lo, Suddenly, with fierce cry, one leapt upon her. Held tight her mouth, and with the other hand Bent off her mantle, then before he fled Stabbed her, leaving the dagger in her breast.

A sudden start of horror in her dream Woke her thereat. Her husband stood before her. To merchants of Bagu, said he, "I sold Last year one hundred sheep, one-third is owing. Whom may I send to Bagu in my stead? Since faithful messengers are few to find. Who may I send to Bagu in my stead? Since faithful messengers are few to find.

And the wife said, "Thou art my lord, I go. She called her children to her, laying her hand Upon the elder's head, kissing the younger. Then, wrapping on her mantle, she departed.

That out her feet and made tears brim her eyes. But, seeing not, she journeyed all the day. For resting in the evening journeyed still. Taking no heed of night or morn—when lo, Suddenly, with fierce cry, one leapt upon her. Held tight her mouth, and with the other hand Bent off her mantle, then before he fled Stabbed her, leaving the dagger in her breast.

A sudden start of horror in her dream Woke her thereat. Her husband stood before her. To merchants of Bagu, said he, "I sold Last year one hundred sheep, one-third is owing. Whom may I send to Bagu in my stead? Since faithful messengers are few to find. Who may I send to Bagu in my stead? Since faithful messengers are few to find.

And the wife said, "Thou art my lord, I go. She called her children to her, laying her hand Upon the elder's head, kissing the younger. Then, wrapping on her mantle, she departed.

That out her feet and made tears brim her eyes. But, seeing not, she journeyed all the day. For resting in the evening journeyed still. Taking no heed of night or morn—when lo, Suddenly, with fierce cry, one leapt upon her. Held tight her mouth, and with the other hand Bent off her mantle, then before he fled Stabbed her, leaving the dagger in her breast.

A sudden start of horror in her dream Woke her thereat. Her husband stood before her. To merchants of Bagu, said he, "I sold Last year one hundred sheep, one-third is owing. Whom may I send to Bagu in my stead? Since faithful messengers are few to find. Who may I send to Bagu in my stead? Since faithful messengers are few to find.

And the wife said, "Thou art my lord, I go. She called her children to her, laying her hand Upon the elder's head, kissing the younger. Then, wrapping on her mantle, she departed.

That out her feet and made tears brim her eyes. But, seeing not, she journeyed all the day. For resting in the evening journeyed still. Taking no heed of night or morn—when lo, Suddenly, with fierce cry, one leapt upon her. Held tight her mouth, and with the other hand Bent off her mantle, then before he fled Stabbed her, leaving the dagger in her breast.

A sudden start of horror in her dream Woke her thereat. Her husband stood before her. To merchants of Bagu, said he, "I sold Last year one hundred sheep, one-third is owing. Whom may I send to Bagu in my stead? Since faithful messengers are few to find. Who may I send to Bagu in my stead? Since faithful messengers are few to find.

And the wife said, "Thou art my lord, I go. She called her children to her, laying her hand Upon the elder's head, kissing the younger. Then, wrapping on her mantle, she departed.

That out her feet and made tears brim her eyes. But, seeing not, she journeyed all the day. For resting in the evening journeyed still. Taking no heed of night or morn—when lo, Suddenly, with fierce cry, one leapt upon her. Held tight her mouth, and with the other hand Bent off her mantle, then before he fled Stabbed her, leaving the dagger in her breast.

A sudden start of horror in her dream Woke her thereat. Her husband stood before her. To merchants of Bagu, said he, "I sold Last year one hundred sheep, one-third is owing. Whom may I send to Bagu in my stead? Since faithful messengers are few to find. Who may I send to Bagu in my stead? Since faithful messengers are few to find.

of hay, and pa and I are going to work for 'a Saturday!'

There was a general shout of delight, for it had come to be known among the children that the cow must be sold for lack of hay.

"That is good news indeed," said Mrs. Lane, as she dropped into a chair as if to realize it more fully. "Is it really so, John?" turning to her husband.

"Yes, really so, Mr. Ray is very kind."

"But, mother, the letter! the letter!" exclaimed Amy.

Now letters were rare visitors in that Western home, and the children, quite forgetful of dinner, crowded around their mother eagerly, as she opened the letter and read aloud.

"NEW YORK, Oct. 1, 1881."

"Why, how long it has been coming," said Mrs. Lane, interrupting her reading; then continued:

"DEAR MARY: I shall probably see you sooner than I expected. I can make part of the journey with friends by leaving here a week earlier than my original plan. If not detained, I shall arrive on the 13th."

"This very day!" murmured a chorus of voices.

"Don't try to meet me. The stage will take me from the depot to Wayne, and there I can easily get a conveyance to your house. With love to each one, your affectionate sister, SUSAN."

"O, mother, we must fly around and put things in order, and bake, and every thing," said Bessie, excitedly.

And at the table it was decided that Mr. Lane should go to Wayne that afternoon, exchange a tub of butter for sugar, tea, and some other necessities, and bring "Aunt Susan" back if he found her.

There could be neither pie nor cake to set before the coming sister. A vision of what she might make if she only had the "where-withal" rose before Mrs. Lane's eyes; then she resolutely turned from it and went to work.

"Tut-tut!" exclaimed Bessie, when after the rooms were in order she came to the kitchen. "But mother—" and she stopped.

"Ah! I know what you are thinking, Bessie. But there's a jar of jelly hidden away on the top shelf of the closet. I kept for emergencies. You can fill the tarts just before tea. They will make the table look pretty."

It was dusk when Aunt Susan came, cheerful, beautiful, warm-hearted Aunt Susan! How she kissed "Sister Mary" till both sisters laughed and cried hysterically! Then she tried to gather all the rest in her arms, but they were too much for her, and there was a grand confusion of hugs and kisses, which ended in Sue and Willie perching themselves upon her lap, and the rest keeping guard around.

Aunt Susan at once became immensely popular with the little ones. She was so lively, so kind, and understood every one so well. She had nice talks with Bessie, went with Bert to feed the cattle, romped with Amy, helped Edwin with his lessons, told fairy stories to Willie, and made such a family of rag babies for little Sue that the child was in an ecstasy of delight.

But Aunt Susan quickly discovered the strained circumstances of the family, and noted the efforts made to conceal lack of money, and the anxiety about the future.

One afternoon she and Bessie strolled out into the fields together. They were gone hours, and Bessie never told even her mother what they talked about all that time. To be sure there was a suspicious pause about Bessie's eyes when she returned which would have made one think she had been crying, only she seemed so cheerful and happy otherwise that nobody ever thought of looking into her eyes to hunt for tears.

There was great lamentation when the short visit came to an end, for it was very short. The good aunt had no great supply of money herself, but as she bade her sister good-by, she slipped something into her hand, saying, "In case any of you are sick, Mary; and she whispered to Bessie: "Keep up good courage; I shall not forget you."

One evening the news reached the little farm-house, of the day appointed for Thanksgiving. In years past this announcement always brought visions of turkey, plum-pudding, pies, and a host of good things. But now the children seemed to think Thanksgiving would not amount to much.

"Can't we do as much to be thankful for?" said Bessie, to her mother, who was looking at her with a sad face.

"Jacket and trousers patched all over, Bessie's gown, no turkey, and we have a chicken to spare, and Garfield's dead!"

"What can we do Thanksgiving?"

"We've got the cows," said Edwin, gravely; "some people haven't cows."

"And hay for them," said Amy.

"And we have our new house," added Edwin.

"And pussy," said little Willie, not knowing exactly what they were talking about, but thinking he must say something.

This made them all laugh.

"We have each other, dear children," said Mrs. Lane, who had overheard the conversation; "have you thought of that?"

"And Aunt Susan," put in Bessie; "I'm sure we are thankful for her visit."

There came no more complaints, yet the days dragged heavily along, and the strictest economy became imperative. Everything looked very dark, but the mother did not lose her trust in God. She believed that in some way He would take care of them.

One cold November evening a couple of days before Thanksgiving, the little household was startled by a thundering knock at the door. There was a sudden hush among the little ones, who were having their last frolic before going to bed. Mr. Lane opened the door.

"If your name's Lane, guess I've got something for you," said a rough-looking man. "Send a hand, will you?"

"And a second," said another, who was when he came to see about Brindle."

"But he isn't going to take her now," shouted Bert; "he's going to send a load

kitchen floor, amid the astonished stare of a dozen eyes."

"It came by express," said the burly teamster, "but may be you'd had to wait for it a while, only for Farmer Ray—I'm 'twink at Farmer Ray's."

And warbling off the hearty thanks that followed by repeating, "Farmer Ray sent it along; I'm 'twink for Farmer Ray," he departed.

Bert gave a wild shout. All the children crowded around the barrel.

"Who sent it?"

"What's in it?"

"Where's the hammer?"

"Oh! do open it!"

But the confusion of tongues ceased as Mr. Lane brought hammer and hatchet, and they watched with breathless interest the unloading of the barrel.

"Oh!" "Ah!" "Let me see!" burst forth as the contents began to appear.

"Hush, children!" said Mr. Lane; "here's a letter for mother. Be quiet while she reads it. Here, Mary."

The letter was only this:

"A Thanksgiving remembrance from Susan and Ellen."

"There! I knew it was from Aunt Susan," exclaimed Bessie.

"Aunt Ellen's rich, isn't she, mother?" asked Amy.

"Oh, do let's unpack it," said Bert, eagerly. "May I help, father?"

What a wonderful barrel that was. It seemed to the children as if one of the stories of the "Arabian Nights" had come true. As the packages were unrolled one after another, the contents were greeted with shouts of delight. Ah! Thanksgiving had begun already!

There was soft woolen cloth for dresses, an overcoat for father, warm flannel undergarments, jackets and trousers—not all new ones, but good, and ready to put on, boots how ever did Aunt Susan know the right sizes?; a shawl for mother, a cloak for Bessie, woolen stockings for Amy and Sue, books and newspapers, a package of tea, and—

"See here," exclaimed Bert, as he drew out a large pasteboard box; "For Bessie," it says on it."

Bessie couldn't say a word, but took the box and silently untied it.

Words—red, white, blue, black, every color; knitting-needles, canvas and a book of printed directions how to make any quantity of fancy things. And a little note from Aunt Susan, telling her that there was to be a Fair at their church next March, and that she and Aunt Ellen would buy all the pretty things she could make before that time.

"Oh mother!" said Bessie, softly, while her eyes filled with tears, "this is just what I wanted. Now I can earn something to help us through the winter."

In the very bottom of the box there was another note—from Aunt Ellen. It enclosed a little "Thanksgiving gift," which Bessie was to expend as she "thought best."

A tumultuous time followed, and Bert, standing with arms akimbo, gazing with satisfaction on the littered floor, expressed the feeling of every one when he impulsively exclaimed:

"That blessed old barrel! Well, I'll never think even way down in my heart that we've nothing to be thankful for, so long as we have dear Aunt Susan!"

—*Young's Companion.*

Rapid Transit.

Uncle Moses owns several small shanties on Galveston avenue, which he rents out, but one of the tenants is rather slow in coming up with his rent, so Old Moses had to make him a pastoral visit. Just as he was coming from the house, Old Moses met Jim Webster.

"Jim," said the old man, "which am de fastest trabbler you eber heered tell about?"

"Day say dat de ray of light trabbles more den 200,000 miles a second, but I nebber timed it myself," replied Jim.

"Dar's a man in Galveston what can gib de ray ob light fifty yards start and beat it the worst kind."

"G'way, ole man. Lyin' is ketching and I hain't been vaccinated since de war."

"Hit am jess as I tol' yer, Gabe Snodgrass, what owes me for four mule back rent, can outtrabbe de light."

"Did yer see him do it?"

"I went to de front dock, and jess as his eye opened de front dock I seed Gabe alide out de back dock. 'Is Gabe home?' says I. 'He's done gone to Houston,' says L. 'Hit am fifty miles de trip while I was lookin' at him slide out de back dock. Just fetch on yer ray ob light, and ef it don't hump itself to catch up wid Gabe Snodgrass when I comes for de back rent, den I's a fool—dat's all.'—*Galveston News.*

Keep the Boilers Heated.

A reporter dropped into our largest retail establishment Wednesday.

A Fish Pond for Carp.

Seth Green, the eminent pisciculturist, writes about a new way of supplying families with fish. He says:

My opinion has often been asked how a carp pond should be constructed for family use. The pond can be made in any shape to suit the locality, but I would prefer egg shape, if the locality was just suitable for it. The pond would have five of a great many kinds, one of the kinds being mosquitoes. The larva of this is the best food for young fish. I have bred them by the hundred, but some of the mosquitoes would be apt to take wing before the pond got well stocked with young fish, and to protect the family in measure I would advise building the pond to the leeward of the house in the prevailing winds of the locality. If, for instance, the prevailing wind was from the east, northeast, or southeast of the house, I would prefer the pond to the northeast or southeast, because if placed directly to the east, the house would make a lee under which the mosquitoes could easily sail. The mosquito can best say sailing craft before the wind, but on the wind they are nowhere in the race, as they have no keel. The whole human family should be thankful to the Creator for not putting a keel on them, and if their bowsprit had not been quite so sharp, they might not receive so many handkerchief salutes from the verandas of the Long Island hotels, but would be just as useful and ornamental.

The pond can be built with plow and scaper. It should have a deep place in the centre, and be shallow on the edges. If you have square sides, the young fish will have no protection from the old ones. When scraping is commenced, carry the dirt as far back as you intend making the lower outside of your embankment, and keep scraping until the pond is four to six feet deep in the centre. If the locality is such that the ice freezes very thick, the pond should be made deeper and holes kept open through the ice during the winter to keep the fish from suffocating. If the embankment is raised three feet and pounded down and sodded or sown with grass, the water could be raised so that but three feet in the centre would have to be excavated in order to have a pond six feet deep. The whole pond should be sown with some kind of grass or water-plant, with the exception of about fifty or seventy-five feet square in the centre. The grass and water-plants make the spawning grounds, breed food, and protect the young. The pond should not contain any other kind of fish, and if the grass gets too thick it can be raked up.

A Canary Bird.

The Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise says: J. Minor Taylor, chief clerk of the benzene firm in this city, has a canary bird five years of age that never sang a note until about a week ago. As the bird never sang, and as it was some trouble to take care of it, Mr. Taylor one day told Mr. Chapin, his fellow clerk, he wished he would get some chloroform and kill the bird, as he believed it was dumb or troubled with some impediment of the vocal organs. The next day the bird suddenly burst forth in song, and hardly stopped to take breath all day. It is not the only best singer among half a dozen birds that are in the office, but has a song different from any of them and different from any canary ever heard. There is hardly a single canary note in its song. It now sings daily and all day long, and will probably not cease to do its best unless again threatened with chloroform.

Receiving a Delegation.

General McDowell, who lately succeeded General McFie in command of the Department of the Pacific, received a delegation of the Puget Sound Indians a few days ago at the Pacific Hotel, in San Francisco. The scene was amusing. The natives were some of the garments of civilization, but of a decayed civilization, and each carried under his arm a silk hat whose gloss had long since disappeared. They began with an eulogy of General McDowell, and then proceeding to business, urged their claims to a continuance of the free passes over the Central Pacific Railroad. They explained that it was occasionally their imperative necessity to ride on the railroad, but that they never, under any circumstances, were in a condition to pay their fares. Having finished his special errand, their spokesman, with dignity, asked General McDowell for a quarter of a dollar, with which to purchase a drink.

COUNTERFEIT TENS.—The secret service agents of the Government have received information that about twenty counterfeit ten dollar bills have been put in circulation, mostly in the uptown dry goods stores. The note may be detected by the following peculiarities:—It is printed in rather pale ink than the genuine bill. The words, "This is a legal tender for ten dollars," are very imperfectly engraved. The vignette portrait of Webster which is printed upon it is coarsely done, and the nose and lips are represented as large and heavy. The imprint on the bill is also imperfect. There has been a large circulation of these counterfeit notes in the Western States, and one of the plates used in the printing has been secured by the government.

APPEAL HIS SHARE.—The will of the late Mary M. Perkins of Boston reads: "I leave to my husband," etc., meaning Ezra G. Perkins, though she did not describe him by name. John Hardy, from whom she supposed herself divorced before marrying Perkins, now claims the property, on the ground that he was her lawful husband, the divorce proceedings having been fraudulent. The Probate Court decided that the estate be divided between the two men, and the case is before the Supreme Court on appeal.

IT IS THE SURE badge of a clown not a mind what plumes those he is with.

A BATCH OF JOKES.

A LITTLE WESTERN WIT GATHERED IN AND DISCUSSED.

The Little-Kill Club. An Incident in From Little—A Little Allegory, etc.

ABOUT LOTTERIES.

The Secretary of the Detroit Little-Kill Club announced a communication from prominent citizens of Frankfurt, Ky., asking if the Little-Kill Club has any settled policy regarding lotteries, and Brother Gardner replied:

"I can't say that we have. A few months ago, when Whalesome Howler drew \$20 in a lottery, I made up my mind that lotteries were a good thing. Last week when I discovered that de \$5 I had invested in 'Lucky Seven' had drawn nothing, I felt that lotteries were a delusion and a snare. What you can do is to draw a prize lottery as a good thing, as you needn't feel bad for 'bout pitting' back \$20 for \$1, you'd better give de money to de ole woman to buy shoes."—*Detroit Free Press.*

IT STOPPED AT CARRIAGE.

A colored man living on Indiana street lately had occasion to ask the advice of the patrolman in that district as to how he should treat some boys who called him names as he passed a certain corner.

"I wouldn't mind 'em," was the reply. "Just what I reckoned on," said the complainant. "I had my mind made up to treat 'em wild proud dislain. But dar's a nuybor ob mine who frowls clubs at my dog an' cusses my child'en. Would you also come de proud dislain over him?"

"Yes, I think so."

"An' dar's a white man libin' round de corner who say I stole his ax. I reckon dat proud dislain will fix him if I keep it up long enough."

"It certainly will."

"Wall, den it am settled dat I don't talk back in none o' dese cases, but dar' am one fink I want understood right heab an' now. De nex' time I am injurin' an' chargin' sista on de door-steps, and a six-penny cabbing hits me, or de middle-west-burnin' dar' won't be any proud dislain to be had in any grocery for a mile around! I've gwine to rib up an' yell fur revenge an' shout fur blood, an' de ole devil who interferes wid me am gwine to be rendered unconscious fur forty-eight days!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

A LITTLE WIDOW.

A lady now visiting at River Park is the mother of seven small children, all of whom are exceptionally bright. One of these, a four year old boy, showed a great reluctance to attend church, and constantly in disgrace when there. His mother tried every means to induce him to sit still, but in vain, until at last the little fellow said:

"Mamma, there's just one way you can keep me still in church."

"What is that," asked his mother, eagerly.

"Just let me take off my shoes and stockings so I can wiggle my toes, and I'll keep as still as a mouse."—*Detroit Post and Tribune.*

AN INCIDENT IN PEN'S LIFE.

"And now, in conclusion," said William Penn, "for time flies and money is twelve per cent, I'll tell these what I'll do with these. We didn't come here to rob thee, but if thee has any land thee wants to sell, I'll make thee an offer as square as a horse trade. I don't care to buy, anyhow, and I don't want to beat thee out of a foot of ground, but if thee is anxious to sell, I'll give right here, cash and goods right down on the counter, \$500 for the State of Pennsylvania, with all the dips, spurs, angles, sinicities, stock, good will, fixtures, sinicities and mailing lists, and all the appurtenances therewith appertaining, be the same more or less, and you can take it or leave it."

"They want you," the interpreter explained, "to make it five hundred and a half."

"Couldn't do it," replied Penn. "I won't make a dollar out of it at \$500. I've paid \$15,000 for it already to a man who never owned a foot of it, and I can't put much more money into it."

"He wants to know, Oms," the interpreter said, when a native delegate ceased to speak (Oms was the nearest the Indians could get to a translation for Penn's name, "Oms," meaning a quill; although why it wasn't just as easy to say Penn, even with two n's, no one but an Indian could tell); "he wants to know, Oms, if you can pay \$15,000 for the State to a land-grabber who couldn't and can't give you a deed, if you think it is a square deal to offer the rightful owners only \$500 to quiet title?"

And the silence that fell on the assembly was so profound you might have heard a grass drop.—*BUREAU.*

DOMESTIC INFELICITY.

A visitor at the Percy Terper mansion on Austin avenue, remarked, as he gazed little Mollie Terper:

"She takes after her papa, and has got his hair."

"No," said the little cherub, "it's not me that takes after papa, and gets his hair. It's mamma who does that when he comes home tight."—*Texas Siftings.*

A LITTLE ALLEGORY.

A LAWYER is cited before the Bar Association for having conferred upon his law dog the name of a brother advocate.

"Sir," says the president of the Association, "how could you carry so far your unprofessional and dishonorable ally to me as to commit such an act?"

